

The National Geographic Magazine

AN ILLUSTRATED MONTHLY



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WASHINGTON

PUBLISHED BY THE NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC SOCIETY

Agents of the United States and Canada

THE AMERICAN NEWS COMPANY, 30 AND 31 CHANDLER STREET, NEW YORK

Price: Retail, 25 Cents; Wholesale, \$2.50 a Year

Price 25 Cents

\$2.50 a Year

Entered as the Second-Class Matter, May 1, 1892, at Washington, D.C., as Second-Class Matter.

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ORGANIZED, JANUARY, 1888

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*Richard Worsam Meade
Rear Admiral U.S. Navy.*

THE
National Geographic Magazine

VOL. VIII

MAY, 1897

No. 5

A WINTER VOYAGE THROUGH THE STRAITS OF
MAGELLAN *

BY THE LATE ADMIRAL R. W. MEADE, U. S. N.

Some twenty-six years ago I received peremptory orders to assume command of the *Narragansett* and sail forthwith to the Pacific station. We left Sandy Hook on the first blast of a nor'wester which followed on the heels of a March equinoctial, being the first steamer of the navy to leave the port of New York with stunsails set aloft and aloft and no steam up. Whether it was this tribute to Boreas that brought us good fortune I do not know, but we made a famous run to the Line, where, Neptune having come on board and duly shaved and ducked several score greenhorns, our luck for the time deserted us, and for the next two or three weeks the ship jammed along with light airs and tedious calms, until the fortieth day out saw us safely in the beautiful harbor of Rio de Janeiro, tinkering away at a wretched old pair of engines which had broken down when we tried to use them to steam into harbor.

Resuming our cruise, we were favored by a sea as smooth as glass and with the most charming weather imaginable. But there is a cry of "Land ho!" from aloft, and what we see proves to be Mount Wood, a solitary peak of moderate elevation on the coast of Patagonia, and in the vicinity of the very Port San Julian where Magellan wintered his ships, about 200 miles north of the straits. As we approach the land it seems a pleasanter-looking coast than many I have seen; and though, no doubt, we

*Abstract of a lecture delivered before the National Geographic Society, December 4, 1896.

see it under most favorable circumstances of wind and weather, I incline to the belief that the popular idea in regard to the dreariness and forbidding character of the shores of Patagonia is a delusion which the commerce of the future will dispel. The day after we rounded Mount Wood the weather became thick and the wind squally, and, not being able to see the land, we ran by the lead. When near Cape Virgins by our reckoning the barometer commenced to rise. Now a rise in the glass in this latitude (50° south), the barometer having previously stood low, is an almost certain indication of a change of wind, if not bad weather; so all hands were called to reef topsails. Scarcely had the second reef been taken in when the wind shifted in a moment from the north landward (N.N.E. to W.S.W.) and blew in furious gusts, the horizon suddenly cleared, the mists were dispelled, the air became cold and raw, and by the rays of the setting sun (it was now 3 o'clock of a June day) we saw in the distance Cape Virgins, with its abrupt, cliff-like shore, 16 miles dead to windward of us. Thus far we had made the voyage from New York entirely under sail, ships of war not being expected to steam unless necessary. We managed, with the aid of fore-and-aft canvas, to crawl slowly to windward, and, there being a bright, full moon, crossed the great Sarmiento bank, south of Cape Virgins, where the rise of the tide is 43 feet, and by 11 o'clock that night were safely at anchor in the straits, some four miles west of Magellan's landfall.

To make our voyage intelligible it will here be necessary to describe the general character of the strait. It is safe to say that there is no other part of the world where, as a rule, the weather is so tempestuous and dangerous as it is off Cape Horn. There old Ocean exerts his full sovereignty, and the winds and the waves are almost ceaselessly raging and surging in wild tumult against a bleak, forbidding, iron-boned coast. The climate of Cape Horn is the most wretched on earth. Fierce storms of rain, hail, and snow drift in from the Atlantic, Antarctic, and Pacific oceans in everlasting succession, broken only by the furious will-waws of Cape Horn squalls.

The real difficulties of the voyage commence at Cape Froward, the southern extremity of our continent, which is 175 miles from Cape Virgins. Here the weather undergoes an entire change, and no matter how pleasant it has been before, the mariner may expect to don his "sou'wester" the moment he doubles this precipitous headland, worthy of terminating so grand a continent.



MAP SHOWING THE PRINCIPAL BAYS OF THE STRAITS OF MAGELLAN

For steamers and smart sailing schooners the voyage through is merely one of ordinary care and prudence, but for square-rigged sailing craft the difficulties are almost insuperable; yet one large sailing ship, the frigate *Piopard*, went through in the astonishing time of 17 days!

From Cape Virgin to Cape Pillar the distance by the usual route is 315 nautical miles, and to traverse this from the eastward every course between W.N.W. and S.S.E. must, at one time or other, be steered, and as the wind is persistently west or south-west (or always dead ahead), the difficulties to the sailing ship are readily seen. Moreover, the character of the strait changes materially as the voyager goes west, for to the eastward of Cape Froward, as a rule, the weather is better, the sun shines brighter, anchorages are more convenient, and the dangers of navigation fewer in number.

The strait may be geographically divided as follows: (1) From Cape Virgin to Elizabeth Island, the termination of the second narrows, 55 miles, where the tides are very strong, the rise and fall extraordinary (43 feet), the land comparatively low and entirely destitute of timber, the weather generally good, and anchorages safe and convenient. (2) From Elizabeth Island, where fogs first make their appearance and the land commences to rise, to Cape Froward, 80 miles. Here anchorages are frequent and safe, timber is plentiful, the tides are weak (not exceeding 6 feet), and the weather is comparatively pleasant. (3) From Cape Froward to Cape Quod, 50 miles, with anchorages few and far between, currents strong and in places dangerous, weather almost constantly tempestuous, mountains of great height and bare of vegetation, their peaks covered with snow or ice, natives savage and dangerous, and voyaging even in steamers attended with risk. Lastly, from Cape Quod to the Pacific, 90 miles, where there are few anchorages, and some of these, as Port Mercy, dangerous in the extreme, there is very little tide, the weather is stormy nearly all the year, and the high mountains are covered with eternal snow—the land aptly termed by Sir John Narborough “Ye Land of Desolation.”

When daylight came on the morning after our arrival we found ourselves anchored off a long, low spit of shingle called by the English navigators “Dungeness,” from some fancied resemblance to the headland of that name in the English channel. To the eastward was Cape Virgin, not unlike the chalk cliffs of England. To the westward loomed Cape Possession, a bold,

dark-looking headland, while to the south, dimly visible in the gray of the morning, was Magellan's Land of Fire—a low, indented coast just rising above the distant horizon. The straits are 10 miles wide at this point. Following the usual rule of the mariner in these parts, we had prepared beforehand our tables for tides, sunrise, and sunset, the light yards and topgallant masts were struck, all stowaways and beams sent on deck, and everything made snug afloat for stemming against the strong westerly winds we expected to encounter. But our apprehensions of bad weather proved groundless. The southwester had died out, and the day broke calm and comparatively clear. The sun shone out of a leaden-hued sky with just warmth enough to be pleasant, and, weighing our anchor with a favorable flood-tide we were soon passing the land at the rate of 13 knots an hour, though the engineer would have gone wild if anyone had suggested to him the possibility of the *Narvegnærd's* engines driving her over 8 knots. The rise and fall of the tide in this part of the strait is very great. It is no less than 45 feet, and a singular circumstance attends the changes of the tidal stream. The flood, which runs with great velocity to the westward, commences about three hours before it is low water by the beach, and so here we were rapidly going west with the flood-tide while apparently the water was everywhere ebbing by the shore. Another feature in the tides east of Cape Froward is that the time of high water grows later as the ship proceeds to the westward, so that it is possible in a fast steamer, starting from Cape Virginia with a favorable flood, to reach the Chilean settlement at Sandy Point (110 miles) in a daylight run in June, which corresponds to our December.

As we pass Cape Possession the wind draws in fresh gusts from the northward and westward, and we set the fore-and-aft sails, which increases the vessel's speed to 14 knots. We rapidly approach the first narrows, for the low, cliff-like shores on each side are now plainly visible, and all hands are on deck to witness the terrific tide race we have heard so much about. By 10 o'clock we are fairly in the narrow pass, which is a perfectly straight "reach" of perpendicular wall-like shore, 9 miles long by 2 miles broad, with very deep water, precipitous beach at low tide, and a straight, rapid current of 8 knots an hour. We are fairly flying along the land, and by noon have made over 60 nautical miles since we started. We are clear of the narrows, dimly visible astern, and skirting the southern shore of Philip

bay. By 2 o'clock we are nearly up with the second narrows, but now the flood-tide is done, and it would be the merest folly to attempt to force the *Atrepanes* through against the ebb, so we give up all hope of reaching Sandy Point this evening, and steam slowly in for the anchorage under Gregory Summit.

On the cliff abreast of the ship we observe a native camp and see some animals grazing on the downs. Soon there are other signs of life, and a dozen Indians come sweeping along on horse-back. They are splendidly mounted and seem a fine, athletic race. Now they are on the edge of the bluff making signals to us, but it is too late to communicate with the shore, and, moreover, the character of "ye native" hereabouts is open to suspicion, though to do the Indians simple justice they have been rendered hostile to all white men by two centuries of brutality at the hands of the Spaniards and their descendants. As a people these Patagonians are less savage and intractable than the Fuegians or natives of the southern and western shores. There are in truth some very striking differences between these two races, and it may be well to allude to them here. In the first place, the term Patagonian, unless explained, is apt to mislead, for the whole of the continent south of the parallel of 40 degrees is known as Patagonia, and is geographically divided by the mountains into Eastern and Western Patagonia, inhabited, as far as we know, by two very different races, though Dr Darwin in his narrative of the *Beagle's* voyage in 1831 declares his conviction that they are the same race and that the present difference is caused by environment. This is probable, as food, climate, and environment are doubtless responsible for most racial differences; but, strictly speaking, the Patagonians are the natives of Eastern Patagonia, for the inhabitants of the islands along the Smyth channel (north of Magellan strait) and Western Patagonia as far as the Gulf of Peñas are of the same family as the natives of Tierra del Fuego, and are invariably designated as Fuegians. The Patagonians then inhabit the northern side of the strait east of Cape Froward and the chain of mountains known as the Southern Andes, and are probably of the same family as the Argentines, so justly celebrated for their prowess in their encounters with the steel-clad warriors of Spain in the sixteenth century. Of these Patagonians, one explorer who passed some time with them says:

"They are very tall, finely formed, and athletic, with jet black eyes, black, coarse hair, thick lips, and a skin of reddish-brown color. They

about in no wind, and I saw thus after a long-anted expectation at sea. To those who have seen the sea far and inland as I have, & the land feel not so far to the sea as I do even now, have an idea of the grandeur of Cape Horn. But we are now on the shores of the great bay of San Francisco & the ship doth see the patch of the vapour bridges clear on the coast by the eastern shore, & as did the fury of a west wind of the force of which the white cap on the boat's sea in the middle of Brown and me, gave me a cue.

It was the look when the ship reached Portos del Rey and anchored. This is the most secure anchorage in the strait, and has accordingly been in the prime for shipping of all kinds & captures. There is no other anchorage further up better known as Portos del Rey, being necessarily surrounded by steep rocks. The view from the anchorage is very fine. There are several pretty small islands separating Portos del Rey from Port del Huel, which Mount Cross, covered with snow, rises gradually to a height of 4,000 feet and completely overlooks the anchorage.

At a recent before, it occurred that

nearby the

the English vessel, the *Progenitor*, having been run down by the Portuguese while obtaining water. On our arrival the *Progenitor* had up anchor & deserted that part of the strait. The presence of the English vessel caused it to pass so as to avoid and the vessel concerned in these trials did not return. The fate of these men is quite unknown should we have any to send in a later vessel.

The next day was mostly occupied in making the run from Port del Rey to Borgo Bay, the wind being adverse and the tide strongly against us, but the beautiful scenery compensated for the tediousness of the trip. It was by far the finest that we had yet seen. The scenery of mountains and fjords appeared to

grow. The character of the strait seems to change entirely when a second of extreme of which, at the entrance to which the ocean pours in apparently. Looking up the strait, we are struck by the grandeur and beauty of the fjord lake. The ship is at anchor in the deep waters of Fjorden's Island Bay, a few miles away from Borgo Bay, & the granite peaks are 2,000 feet above our heads. A cold and heavy rain woke I could see of the mountains in view to the shore, & the crack of the gun reverberating in the fjord of sea. The scenery on the mountains is very picturesque, but we were at a considerable distance. The company rather highly interested, and to get to the many there were

coloured is lower leading at once to it is the very heart of the mountain with towers of open lava of red and yellow. "Port" even the foreground. "Port it is, sir!" from the path a water of the wind and the day's heat has been shown. "We are not here," said hands up at their mouths, both in a large room, and a door four and a half feet high. We enter the passage, and

it has a perfectly level upward bend of seven or eight feet, the way is so high the narrow pass is some 200 yards wide, but the rocks and lava appear at the sea edge and in places the view. Now we emerge into an island again, but it is a thick wall of rock and not the high lava, a large being perpendicular wall of rock some of three thousand feet in height. The view

is short and to port and starboard toward a low shore of lava and of a few small trees. "By the way," says one of the guides, "the name of the anchor is large but we have a great room the ship on one of the few situated trees to keep the vessel clear of the rocks, and the *Nova* is only a little altered for the day."

It is a very high speaker, only not a truly white, but a fine blue "blue of Desolation." Nothing can be more grim. Yet for him it is a state than the scene in the old book of old island of orange, Port Charron. The term port is an entire unknown, for beyond the small caves, where a cargo may be obtained in from 15 to 40 feet of water, there is no other way to be found with less than 100 feet of water. In any places there are no small caves at all. The deep blue of the sky is now bordered by awful precipices, broken by small cliffs and ravines. There are a few scattered trees along the coast, but on the mountain side of even the small trees are a few small but very dangerous savage-looking rocks, out-cast with ice and snow. The place is fully sheltered, and all of it is a great and a very profound, quiet and a great deal of water, the sea and the whole of the former west wind and to could be a very hard. A party left the ship

to look to explore the head of the little cave. They brought a lot of vegetables in the evening at the last of the day, the whole of the ship was moved and one of the explorers collected a great deal of Egyptian flowers. The sailors, however, took a great deal of work and a great deal of the beautiful, found a bed of mud and a small room, we all regaled ourselves that evening.

The next morning the weather is quite overcast with no squalls at intervals was at least a favorable forecast of a

a troop to leave. Some of the officers seemed desirous of it. A few gunboats wished to enter the strait, but the captain declined to take the chances, and at noon Cape Pillar was sighted on the horizon.

With a full head of steam and the fore-and-aft canvas the ship went on her way, and at 2 o'clock passed out of the strait and steered away west for an anchorage. But both the wind and sea were now rapidly rising. At dusk it was blowing a furious gale from the S.W., with squalls on the most tempestuous scale I ever saw. No chance to run back or shut an anchorage.

It did not seem as if we could see a star a league off. There was nothing to rely on but to "claw out" as they call it, every one of the storm canvas the vessel could carry, and trust to the crew to help out, gain a footing. At 8 o'clock that night the boat was surrounded and was actually battered down, and the lee rail of the ship was under water as she struggled under sail and steam against the wind and sea. Finally, as, in despair, though the canvas of every square, was torn to shreds, the mast and the other masts were the cork-bolts of San Andreas, the ship drifted helplessly and would be dangerous to pass as to them. The wind veered consequently from point to point, and the squalls came with lightning and a rattle like hail, and every one of them, no matter how small, was like over a poor black "gent" as a shower of water which caused us to make an anchorage during daylight and wind at a late hour.

For a long time a thick white mist state of the air continued, the ship vainly struggling to get to the westward, the squalls of rain and snow, but it continued long enough, however, to get us on to the vessel's lee, northward. On the eighth day the vessel was carried as far north as the parallel of Cape Horn with a few fathoms of anchorage for a few moments yet more. There were but a few tons of coal left and the provisions all I could get from Valparaiso. Affairs looked bad. Many of the men were worn out, exhausted by cold and fatigue; several of the officers were of the same condition.

But all ill fortune, as is a good fortune, meet at some period come to a end, and so it happened that the next day the wind shifted to the south, and with strong and favoring gales from it

was safely anchored in the harbor of Valparaiso. And so ended

ADMIRAL R. W. MEALE, U. S. N.

When the proofs and contents of the number of THE NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC MAGAZINE were sent to the printer last week, no indication that the galley and accompanying sheets of the article "A Winter Voyage through the Straits of Sunda" would have completed the long and eventful voyage of the before his starting narrative of some of the most interesting portions of his bold enterprise in the *Albatross* could be placed in the hands of our readers. On the first of May, however, a steamer sailed to a rendezvous of a regular expedition, from which he has been separated by circumstances not yet permanently radiated. It is as possible, on the eve of going to press, to present more than the first outline of Admiral Meade's distinguished career or to render adequate tribute to his memory. It must suffice to remind our readers of his brilliant career at sea, of his heroic and daring exploits of the *Albatross* before he was 19 years of age, of his sufferings of a painful vision, estranged with his country, when he was 25, of the shipwreck and escape from the giant, and of his escape that won for him, to be and again, the command of his ship, of the rescue of the historic crew of the *Albatross*, the rescue of any ship, the *Yarborough* and the *Albatross* as a, rescued of some of the most noble and noble traits, of his long and eventful career to the ideal literature, and of his ever welcome appearances before the National Geographic Society, of which he was a regular member. The accompanying article worth as an old friend, which we cannot regard as with it sufficient, to "the first voice which watches over your work." Himself has been, and

in the words of William Wordsworth's "The Solitary Reaper":

"The form was of no man next morning
The heart was kind and soft
Faded I believe it was then
And now no more gone off."

COSTA RICA

by SAMUEL JOHANN VILLABRAGA

Consul-General of the Republic of Costa Rica at San Francisco

It is a pleasure to give within these unadorned pages a complete lay of the nation, how, or to describe explicitly the varied resources and industries. I can but dwell briefly on the principal features of the land, the customs, creeds, of the people, and the natural resources of the country.

The generally favorable situation of Costa Rica might well be the envy of all nations, for it lies between the continents of the new world and between the earth's green and blue. The agreeable temperate climate, with the milder stages of a tropical sun, and one of the mildest of such nations—the true gem of American tropical life—its people are peaceful and law-abiding, its population firm of government. It exports from the United States is very popular, its climate is moderate, without extremes of heat or cold, and its scenery beautiful. The dreaded fogs are confined only along the swampy coastal fringe and other low lying land, of which there is but a tiny strip. Rice, Agave, etc., are largely raised, a band of pine grows along with the banana and sugar cane—on soil upon which the flowers are rich perfume. It exports

from Costa Rica is for want of sufficient population, but it possesses in the state of an ever fertile resource in her richly unexplored mountains and the numerous forests of sugar cane and such. Her forests are as much the beautiful wealth. Though throughout the country the land is thickly covered with green dense forest, among the finest in the world, and a rare and of a rare quality as mahogany, cedar, rosewood, lignum vitae and a number of gums, such as mastic and guggul. Little attention has been given to the forest wealth. A few the same are, where transportation is easy, some would have been marketed, but for the interior the trees stand as they did a hundred years ago.

In the State in which the State of Panama Corporation is working a rubber tree plantation and paying large dividends. The ex-

ports state. Hundreds of cars are loaded every day, and the number of boats loaded with bananas far surpasses those carried.



a basket swung from the wrist, picks from a distance of several feet. This operation is a delicate one, and is slow and very close to prevent the leaves from being bruised. As the next crop starts in, the sugar is cut up by the leaf and bruised. The leaves are then transported by ox carts, passed through a machine that breaks the outside of a cane into pieces of between 3-four inches in width, and the syrup-like substance that has adhered to the grain is washed away. After it has been washed the coffee is spread out on a cemented court, not much larger than 12 feet in width, long enough to hold it during cloudy days, it is gathered into heaps and covered with canvas. The process of spreading

it is very slow. During this period men planters go out to place sentinels around the coffee court, and collect even a Costa Rican worth 40 cents a piece, and a sugar individual might carry away several hundred dollars worth of it in a few hours. When the coffee is sorted and transported to the factory, where it

The final work is the separation of the berries into 1 and 2 and 3rd and 4th classes, and sorting them. They are called first, second, third, and fourth classes, and the well-known *maraca* 40 or 50

classes of coffee. From this stage the berries are transported to large tables, where the men by using many implements of copper and iron machines. The coffee is then packed in 100 lb. bags, each bag weighs 112 pounds. Now and then the coffee is ready for export and you know "Lauding" "Lauding" etc., a question naturally arises. Is there any marked "New York," "New Orleans," or "Louisiana"? I have to answer with deep regret that very little is marked that way, the bulk of the crop being bought by European firms, who send their agents several times a year to see the coffee and to order for it by weight or by bushels, with liberal allowances to brokers who agree to transport it Europe. American merchants make very little effort to secure the products of Costa Rica, or to furnish its markets with the manufactured goods which are produced in the United States.

Time does not permit me to speak of other agricultural productions. Costa Rica is capable of producing not only coffee, bananas, coconuts, and sugar-cane, but northern fruits and vegetables. There would be patches of tea, spices, starches, and

the ~~land~~ may yet for a short time furnish a rather poor meadow more ~~comparatively~~ the effect of the natural surface has yet been reversed by the same, most of which has been disposed of in forming the stream channels. It is as though the stream realized its inability to directly attack the surface at first and so turned to indirect ~~and~~ ^{of} preparation for a more effective attack and the latter by having the ~~land~~ with ~~its~~ ^{its} ~~own~~ ^{own} ~~surface~~ ^{surface} ~~itself~~ ^{itself} in a position to rapidly carry out the work of destruction when it is once actively begun. When it has been ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~land~~ ^{land} ~~is~~ ^{is} ~~and~~ ^{and} ~~plowed~~ ^{plowed} ~~even~~ ^{even} with the ~~land~~ ^{land} ~~plain~~ ^{plain} ~~surface~~ ^{surface} ~~here~~ ^{here} the work of preparation ~~is~~ ^{is} ~~and~~ ^{and} the work of direct destruction begins. Every over low now ~~of~~ ^{of} ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~lands~~ ^{lands} ~~that~~ ^{that} ~~lead~~ ^{lead} ~~away~~ ^{away} ~~from~~ ^{from} ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~main~~ ^{main} ~~stream~~ ^{stream}, and ~~as~~ ^{as} ~~soon~~ ^{as} ~~as~~ ^{as} ~~far~~ ^{far} ~~as~~ ^{as} ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~water~~ ^{water} ~~over~~ ^{over} ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~plain~~ ^{plain}, burying the ~~fertile~~ ^{fertile} ~~soil~~ ^{soil}. As the depth of the sand increases, the flood plain becomes more barren, and it is really a waste of sand thinly overlain with ~~loam~~ ^{loam} ~~and~~ ^{and} ~~other~~ ^{other} ~~sand~~ ^{sand} ~~forming~~ ^{forming} ~~plains~~ ^{plains}, while ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~water~~ ^{water} ~~flows~~ ^{flows} ~~from~~ ^{from} ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~mountain~~ ^{mountain} ~~channels~~ ^{channels} ~~of~~ ^{of} ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~wandering~~ ^{wandering} ~~stream~~ ^{stream}, and ~~leaves~~ ^{leaves} ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~land~~ ^{land} ~~barren~~ ^{barren}.

west ~~of~~ ^{of} ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~mountain~~ ^{mountain} ~~ranges~~ ^{ranges}. The cycle of destruction is now complete. This present section is truly of the former "fertile" soil, but it has already been abandoned as worthless, much to our own ~~surprise~~ ^{surprise} ~~and~~ ^{and} ~~disappointment~~ ^{disappointment} ~~and~~ ^{and} ~~loss~~ ^{loss} ~~of~~ ^{of} ~~profit~~ ^{profit} ~~and~~ ^{and} ~~loss~~ ^{loss} ~~of~~ ^{of} ~~life~~ ^{life} ~~is~~ ^{is} ~~so~~ ^{so} ~~favorable~~ ^{favorable} ~~as~~ ^{as} ~~to~~ ^{to} ~~escape~~ ^{escape} ~~entirely~~ ^{entirely} ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~destructive~~ ^{destructive} ~~effect~~ ^{effect} ~~of~~ ^{of} ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~continuous~~ ^{continuous} ~~erosion~~ ^{erosion} ~~of~~ ^{of} ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~land~~ ^{land} ~~is~~ ^{is} ~~open~~ ^{open}.

The remedy for this destruction is so simple and sufficient that it hardly requires statement, the cotton crop must be rotated with some crop that will furnish an abundance of root fibers to hold the soil together and prevent it from ~~being~~ ^{being} ~~eroded~~ ^{eroded} ~~and~~ ^{and} ~~lost~~ ^{lost} ~~and~~ ^{and} ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~surface~~ ^{surface} ~~must~~ ^{must} ~~be~~ ^{be} ~~carefully~~ ^{carefully} ~~tended~~ ^{tended}. If this is done the destruction of the soil fields and the degradation of the cotton fields will be checked, if this is not done all the best cotton fields will soon become but barren wastes.

Mention may be made of a lake of degradation at the Fort Rock (Lansdown) family, to be found in the northwestern part of Garfield county, N. M. since it is due to the same general cause. From a small open valley there runs back into the ~~land~~ ^{land} ~~and~~ ^{and} ~~round~~ ^{round} ~~side~~ ^{side} ~~valley~~ ^{valley} ~~that~~ ^{that} ~~comes~~ ^{comes} ~~and~~ ^{and} ~~with~~ ^{with} ~~streams~~ ^{streams} ~~draining~~ ^{draining} ~~into~~ ^{into} ~~a~~ ^a ~~small~~ ^{small} ~~area~~ ^{area}. When the master stream begins ~~to~~ ^{to} ~~gather~~ ^{gather} ~~and~~ ^{and} ~~it~~ ^{it} ~~sets~~ ^{sets} ~~it~~ ^{it} ~~face~~ ^{face} ~~with~~ ^{with} ~~which~~ ^{which} ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~water~~ ^{water} ~~can~~ ^{can} ~~be~~ ^{be} ~~kept~~ ^{kept} ~~up~~ ^{up}. Its mouth was sealed up, and it was forced to take its life before gaining an exit. It is now rising to a depth of ~~about~~ ^{about} ~~one~~ ^{one} ~~hundred~~ ^{hundred} ~~feet~~ ^{feet} ~~and~~ ^{and} ~~is~~ ^{is} ~~now~~ ^{now} ~~about~~ ^{about} ~~one~~ ^{one} ~~hundred~~ ^{hundred} ~~feet~~ ^{feet} ~~deep~~ ^{deep}. It is believed the war could have been postponed if early

It is supposed that the bulk and value of the quantity of some Egyptian goods that have entered in Turkey to amount to one third of the total imports of the country is a great Turkish purchase of wheat in Turkey have to take possession of wheat in Egypt, secured by the French consul at Aden. The French consul at Aden was immediately dispatched to protect his interests. The French consul at Aden was immediately dispatched to protect his interests. The French consul at Aden was immediately dispatched to protect his interests.

$$\text{N}_2 + \text{TiO}_2 + \text{C} + \text{CaO} + \text{K}_2\text{CO}_3 + \text{Fe}_2\text{O}_3 + \text{MgO} + \text{ZrO}_2$$


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Figure 1. The effect of the concentration of the *Agrobacterium* suspension on the transformation efficiency of *Agrobacterium* strains. The concentration of the *Agrobacterium* suspension was 10⁶ cells/ml (A), 10⁷ cells/ml (B), 10⁸ cells/ml (C), and 10⁹ cells/ml (D). The concentration of the *Agrobacterium* suspension was 10⁶ cells/ml (A), 10⁷ cells/ml (B), 10⁸ cells/ml (C), and 10⁹ cells/ml (D). The concentration of the *Agrobacterium* suspension was 10⁶ cells/ml (A), 10⁷ cells/ml (B), 10⁸ cells/ml (C), and 10⁹ cells/ml (D). The concentration of the *Agrobacterium* suspension was 10⁶ cells/ml (A), 10⁷ cells/ml (B), 10⁸ cells/ml (C), and 10⁹ cells/ml (D).

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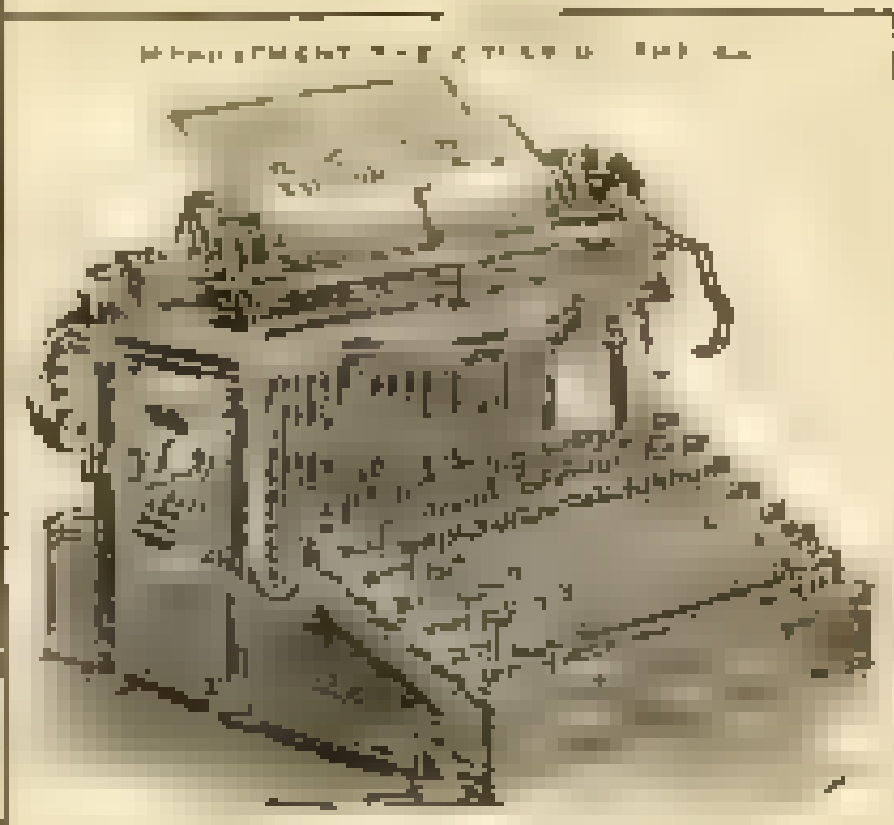
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